

# The Lomond Press

VOL. 2. NO 28

LOMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

## LOCALETS

Write it 1918.

A Prosperous New Year to all.  
M. D. Elliott is operating the Commercial Cafe.

Norris Hanna is at High River for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Teskey drove to Calgary for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell are away to Calgary for Christmas week.

G. Tibert and family are in Lethbridge for the holiday season.

A carload of apples came in Tuesday for the Farmers Elevator Co.

John Holo is the champion checker player of Lomond and district.

H. W. Burne of Calgary is spending the holidays in Lomond district.

L. M. Swain leaves tomorrow morning on a visit to Tavistock, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben King of Badger Lake spent Christmas at Standard.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Tulloch spent Christmas with friends at Lethbridge.

F. O. McKenna is spending Christmas at Grassy Lake, preparing a brief.

Miss Horner, teacher, left Sunday to spend the holidays at Macleod.

Dad Cox is collecting arrearages for water. If he doesn't see you first, duck.

E. W. Burne of Kinnondale left Saturday last to spend the holidays in Manitoba.

Born—At Lomond, on Tuesday, Dec. 25th, 1917, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Benson, a son.

D. A. Miner of Princeton, B. C., is spending the holidays with his sister, Mrs. A. J. Smith.

Joe Moran, T. A. Kennedy and Bob Shields are spending their Christmas holidays in Calgary.

Miss Dwila Little is home from Claresholm school, where she has been taking a course in domestic science.

H. W. and Mrs. Lust, and Mrs. F. L. Willard and son leave tomorrow morning on a visit to South Dakota.

H. Allen of the provincial police force, stationed at Retlaw, was in town Friday last. He was lately transferred from Lethbridge to Retlaw.

R. Shallenbarger and family of Pendleton, Oregon, arrived in town on Tuesday's train. Mr. Shallenbarger will engage in farming in this district.

Miss Hazel Korrigan left on Saturday last for her home in Calgary, she having taught the Midway school for the past term. The school will now be closed till spring.

The latest returns give Halliday, Unionist, 180 majority in Bow River, with 21 polls to hear from. The Unionist majority in parliament will be between fifty and sixty.

Wednesday next is village election day. Go to the poll and vote for the man you think will handle the business of the village best, and don't grouse for a year after you vote.

Miss H. A. Davis, late teacher at

First Chance, has gone to Regina for the holiday season, and from there will go to Cadogan to teach. Miss Gooderham has been engaged to teach at First Chance.

Pete Travis returned from Calgary today. He was a couple of days on the road between Vulcan and Lomond, and left his car in a farmer's shed. The road between here and Reed Hill is dotted with invalided cars.

The weather for the past couple of weeks has been cold, between 20 and 30 below, with a strong wind blowing nearly all the time. Of course this is "exceptional" weather. The weather in the west is nearly always exceptional.

Betting on elections, horse racing and shell games is not always a safe investment. Great national questions are not governed by local conditions. The people as a whole can be depended to see straight in national affairs. The four Western provinces dropped party politics and sent a win-the-war majority of fifty to parliament. And the West is the most independent part of Canada.

This is the season of the year when the married man takes exercise in packing his wife's trunks, suit cases, etc., to and from the railway station. The trip was all planned out in August for a start in November. After repeated efforts a start was finally made about the 20th of December. By the 22nd hubby had forgotten instructions and plants begin to freeze; by the 26th collar buttons are being purchased by the gross, sox don't match in color, commenced to wear a beard, rooms damp, cat throws fits, canary dies, dog disappears and lamps won't work. On the 28th she receives telegram: "Dangerously ill; come at once." He meekly sits behind the stove while she tells what a pleasant time she had and what a "monkey and parrot" time they are going to have.

## Wins Military Medal.

Harry Rickett, son of J. I. Rickett of Lomond, writes interesting letter telling briefly of exploit which won him military medal. All power to him: Somewhere in France,  
Nov. 12, 1917.

Dear Dad,—

I will just drop you a line to let you know I am still living and am going strong. It is nice weather here, only a little cold to sleep out. What do you think about the war now? I have not heard from any of the folks for a long time. I have been in every battle this summer that the Canadians took part in and have never been wounded yet. It's an awful sensation going into a fight, isn't it? In the battle of August 18-19 and 21 (my birthday) we went over the bags and I won a military medal for killing five and taking prisoner twelve more, all alone—pretty good, wasn't it? The Canadians are the picked troops over here. They put them against the hard places and they take them, too. War now is nothing like it was in 1862-65. It is man against machinery now. I am the only one left in my draft, all the rest are dead or wounded, but it has not been my luck

to get a wound so I guess it is another cold and muddy winter in the trenches for mine.  
H. H. RICKETT.

## Jim Bell Home.

Jim. Bell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Bell, north of town, came back last week, having been returned as unfit for further service through being gassed. Jim saw a good bit of the fighting over in France, but does not feel as if it was time poorly spent. He claims the trip was a wonder and expressed his willingness to have stayed across the sea if the authorities had not been so insistent in their commands. His brother George is now on police duty in England, he having been wounded in action.

## Travers Notes.

Born—On December 5th. to Mr. and Mrs. Lachlan, a daughter.

Mr. Guy Kaitting left this week for Feversham, Ont., to spend Christmas at home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Brenner left for California this week. They intend to spend the winter there.

Mr. W. J. Galliford died quite suddenly Sunday night. He will be buried in Toronto.

Mr. Fred Scot returned this week from Calgary, where he was in the hospital for some time.

## CANADA'S REPLY TO SLACKERISM.

Of the Canadians at the front there was no question. They had seen the German thing as it was. Their comrades had been gassed and crucified. Their fellow-Canadians had fought cleanly and bravely against a barbarism which expressed itself in methods and tricks which were beneath the contempt of white men, and below the level of savages.

Canada at the front knew the German, but what of Canada behind the front, three thousand miles away? Would that line hold, too? Well, the world has its answer now.

The politician doubted. The weak, the weary, the conquered and disloyal spread their forecasts and proclaimed the outcome. They are answered; so are doubting politicians and faint-hearted patriots the world over.

The American democracy found itself by re-electing Lincoln in 1864, the Canadian democracy has justified democracy and itself in 1917 by re-electing for the war, by accepting the man and the method which alone promise victory.

It is a stirring thing, this victory of democracy in Canada over all the forces which make for surrender and for worse than surrender.

The voice of the first Allied electorate to be heard in many months is a sign for all Allied statesmen to observe and heed. Canada has sent 400,000 men to Europe. Canada has borne more than 125,000 casualties, but to the call of duty Canada's response is immediate and unmistakable. It is a response which will be heard the world over. It is a response which will be noted in Berlin as well as in London.

It is not too much to suspect it may even be heard in Rome.

The United States will congratulate and pay just tribute to a neighboring democracy for its decision. In a time of momentary depression Canada has cheered all of us. In an hour of depression Canada has shown the road of courage and victory illuminated by the spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion.

She has been faithful to her dead. To those of her sons murdered as well as those slain in fair fight. We in the United States look with admiration and gratitude to our northern neighbor. She has blazed the trail for us in Europe. Her sons, with not a few of ours enlisted under her colors, have carried the spirit of America to the battlefields of Europe. Tardily, but not too late, our own armies are coming up. In time we shall bear a part in the great battle for human liberty. May it be as splendid as Canada's part—it cannot be more glorious.

Meantime, for those at home, Canada has also pointed a duty and furnished an example. The people of Canada have once more supplied the proof, politicians might always expect if they had the faith. But they never have the faith, because they are invariably unworthy of the people whom they represent. To have won Cambrai and lost Canada would have been an allied disaster. To have won Canada and lost Cambrai is a victory beyond question and beyond dispute. We did not capture Richmond in 1864, but in electing Lincoln the North won the civil war. This war, like that of half a century ago, can only be lost by those back of the front, and Canada has demonstrated that behind the lines the spirit is as unconquered and indomitable as in the first-line trenches of France and Belgium.—Frank M. Simonds, Editor New York Tribune.

## The Press Remembered.

Amongst our Christmas remembrances came cards of greeting from Pte. H. J. Duffy, No. 737235—the Canadian Scot—on active service in France; and from Cadet W. A. Isaac, R. F. C., Toronto. We are more than pleased to receive remembrances from our boys on active service and return to them our most sincere good wishes for their health and safety.

## Bone Dry.

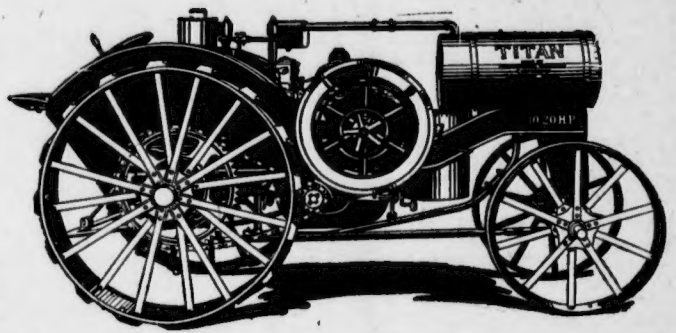
One of the first pieces of legislation enacted since the return to power of the Union government is the regulation of the liquor traffic, making it an offense to transport liquor into a dry province. Provincial prohibition has been more or less of a joke, due to the fact that no province could ban the inter-provincial trade and thereby came all our stock of "soothing syrup," etc. After January 31st there shall be a dryness prevail, the like experienced never before—except in Quebec.

Owing to several causes The Press is again late this week, the principal of which was the cold snap and the furnace man endeavoring to force a half pound of steam through twenty-three radiators. The steam has not yet reached The Press office.

# NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

I have bought out the interest of Mr. J. D. Moran and will continue the business at the old stand on Center street, and wish to say that any farmer who intends buying an implement of any kind for the coming season will save himself money by buying now, as I have a good stock on hand. I can supply at the old price for cash for a short time. Below are a few of the present prices:

|                              |                  |                 |
|------------------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| 10-20 Titan Tractor          | Cash, \$1515.00. | Time, \$1625.00 |
| 10-20 Mogul Tractor          | " 1390.00.       | " 1495.00       |
| 15 30 Titan Tractor          | " 2625.00.       | " 2775.00       |
| In-throw disc at             |                  | 51.00           |
| Out-throw disc at            |                  | 70.00           |
| 4-Section lever harrow       |                  | 48.00           |
| 3-Section lever harrow       |                  | 39.00           |
| 12-Inch gang plows           |                  | 110.00          |
| 16 Double disc drill (press) |                  | 251.00          |
| 18 Double disc drill (press) |                  | 273.00          |
| Hero fanning mills, 24-inch, | \$ 38.00         |                 |
| Hero fanning mill, 32-inch,  | 43.00            |                 |



|                         |          |
|-------------------------|----------|
| Bulldog mills, 24-inch  | \$ 40.00 |
| Bulldog mills, 32-inch, | 45.00    |

I carry a full line of

## I. H. C. Farm Machinery

and a full line of repairs for them, and therefore I am in a position to give an A 1 repair service, which means many dollars of saving to the farmer in the rush season. Come in and talk over your machinery wants with me and get one of my Fancy Calendars. I also sell

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AND OVERLAND CARS

CALL AND SEE ME BEFORE YOU BUY

# W. H. SMITH.



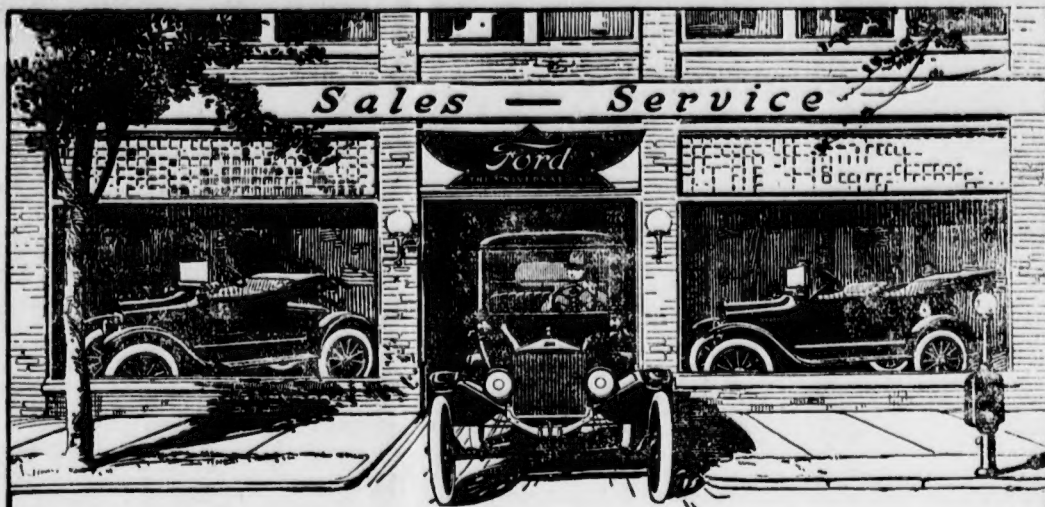
siren whistle or an empty shell case and a bit of iron with which to hammer on it. This, whichever it might be, was for the purpose of spreading the alarm in case of a gas attack. Also we had sentries in "listening posts" at various points from twenty to fifty yards out in "No Man's Land." These men blackened their faces before they went "over the top" and then lay in shell holes or natural hollows. There was always two of them, a bayonet man and a bomber. From the listening post a wire ran back to the fire trench to be used in signaling. In the trench a man sat with this wire wrapped around his hand. One pull meant "All O. K.," two pulls, "I'm coming in," three pulls, "Enemy in sight," and four pulls, "Sound gas alarm." The fire step in a trench is a shelf on which soldiers stand to look out and shoot between the sand bags on top.

In addition to these men, we had patrols and scouts out in "No Man's Land" the greater part of the night, with orders to gain any information possible which might be of value to battalion, brigade, division or general headquarters. They reported on the condition of the Germans' barbed wire, the location of machine guns and other little things like that which might be of interest to some commanding officer twenty miles back. Also they were ordered to make every effort to capture any of the enemy's scouts or patrols, so that we could get information from them. One of the interesting moments in this work came when a star shell caught you out in an open spot. If you moved you were gone. I've seen men stand on one foot for the thirty seconds during which a star shell will burn. Then when scouts or patrols met in "No Man's Land" they always had to fight it out with bayonets. One single shot would be the signal for artillery fire and would mean the almost instant annihilation of the men on both sides of the fight. Under the necessities of this war many of our men have been killed by our own shell fire.

#### The Daylight Hour.

At a little before daybreak came "stand-to," when everybody got buttoned up and ready for business because at that hour most attacks begin, and also that was the regular time for a dose of "morning and evening hate," otherwise a good, lively fifteen minutes of shell fire. We had some casualties every morning and evening, and the stretcher bearers used to get ready for them as a regular matter of course. For fifteen minutes at dawn and dusk the Germans used to send over "whizzbangs," "coal boxes" and "minenwerfer" (shells from trench mortars) in such a generous way that it looked as if they liked to shoot 'em off, whether they hit anything or not. You could always hear the "heavy stuff" coming, and we paid little attention to it, as it was used in efforts to reach the batteries back of our lines. The poor old town of Dinkiebusch got the full benefit of it. When a shell would shriek its way over, some one would say, "There goes the express for Dinkiebusch," and a couple of seconds later, when some prominent landmark of Dinkiebusch would disintegrate with a loud detonation, some one else would remark:

"Train's arrived!" About the only amusement we had during our long stay in the front trenches was to sit with our backs against the rear wall and shoot at the rats running along the parapet. Poor Macfarlane, with a flash of the old humor which he had before the war, told a "rookie" that the trench rats were so big that he saw one of them trying on his greatcoat. They used to run over our faces when we were sleeping in our dugouts, and I've seen them kill ravenous swarms burrowing into the



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SHEET MUSIC. RECORDS.  
MUSICAL SPECIALTIES...

**MRS. A. GREENWOOD**

# The SPIRIT of XMAS

The true Xmas spirit is the spirit of Service, which we have endeavored to give to our patrons in the past year. But what place does the Xmas spirit have in business? It is the backbone of business today. Millions of dollars are being spent each year in promoting the spirit of service. There is, perhaps, another motive which prompts us to acts of service, and which has caused us, as a representative of the Ford Company, to assume this obligation to the public. The spirit of service is a measure of greatness. "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths." I take this opportunity to wish one and all a joyful Xmas and a prosperous New Year.

W. A. TESKEY.

FOR SALE—An 8-16 Mogul gasoline engine and plows, nearly new. Apply to Otto Hoeg, 10-17.19 20-11.

## The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.  
Advertising Rates on Application.

RAE L. KING, PROP.

LOMOND, ALBERTA, Dec. 28, 1917

### Few Doubtful Seats.

There are only four seats at most out of the fifty-six in the four western provinces in which the soldier vote can change the result unless that vote is anti-Unionist. In Ontario six seats appear to be definitely held by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and five others, which are opposition by the civilian vote, may be changed by the vote from overseas. Of the six first mentioned five are largely French and one German. It is predicted by some in Montreal that Mr. Seignie's seat in Westmount-St. Henri may be saved by the soldier vote, but that seems unlikely unless the Quebec soldiers in a position to choose their constituency, should concentrate on this one, and the floating soldier population of that province is not large. New Brunswick results cannot be changed by the overseas vote, as all four Laurier majorities are over a thousand. Nor is the civilian vote in Prince Edward Island liable to change by the soldier vote. Nova Scotia has the largest possibilities. Enthusiastic Unionists claim that six out of the nine seats in which the civilian vote gives an opposition majority may be taken into the other column by the military vote. Four is a more likely number. On the whole, ten is about the maximum number of seats that are now involved in the vote of these 200,000 soldiers. This results from the fact that the soldier counties are nearly all Unionist and that the other ma-

jorities are large.—Vancouver Province.

A Manitoba man took a gulp of wood alcohol to warm him up. He is not worrying about the weather now.—Ex

## DAD COX'S CAFE

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Restaurant building, rooms and beds, restaurant equipment all in its entirety, for sale. Good opportunity for a person desiring a good business location in Lomond. Apply to JOHN HOLO, Lomond.



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FRESH and CURED MEATS

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Cattle and Hides Bought at Highest Market Price

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Dray and Transfer in Connection.  
We Move Pianos Without a Scratch.

We Carry a Full Line of  
High Grade Farm Machinery





## "OVER THERE"

The Thrill and the Hell of the Trenches, Described by an American Boy.

Sergeant Alexander McClintock of Lexington, Ky., and the Canadian Army Has Gripping Tale That Every American Will Read, For He Tells the Facts—Unadorned. Wounded, a Distinguished Conduct Medal Man, He Was Invalided Home, but Is Going "Out There" Again to Fight For Uncle Sam and His Allies. An Inspiring, Interesting, Personal Narrative, Full of the Spirit and Atmosphere of the Trenches.

SERGEANT McCLINTOCK.

### No. 2. The Bomb Raid

By Sergeant Alexander McClintock.  
D. C. M., 87th Overseas Batt.,  
Canadian Gren. Guards.

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*Sergeant McClintock is an American boy of Lexington, Ky., who has seen service in France, was decorated for bravery, wounded, invalided home and now is returning to accept a commission. This is the second article in the series. In the first article he described his training up to the point where he reached the front line trenches.*

WHEN we took our position in the front line trenches in Belgium we relieved the Twenty-sixth Canadian battalion. Scouts from that organization came back to the villages of Dinkiebusch and Renninghelst to tell us how glad they were to see us and to show us the way in. As we proceeded overland, before reaching the communication trenches at the front, these scouts paid us the hospitable attention due strangers—that is, one of them, leading a platoon, would say:

"Next 200 yards in machine gun range. Keep quiet, don't run and be ready to drop quick if you are warned."

There was one scout to each platoon, and we followed him single file, most of the time along roads or well worn paths, but sometimes through thickets and ragged fields. Every now and then the scout would yell at us to drop, and down we'd go on our stomachs, while away off in the distance we could hear the "put-put" of machine guns, the first sound of hostile firing that had ever reached our ears.

"It's all right," said the scout. "They haven't seen us or got track of us. They're just firing on suspicion."

Nevertheless, when our various platoons had all got into the front reserve trenches, at about two hours after midnight, we learned that the first blood of our battalion had been spilled. Two men had been wounded, though neither fatally. Our own stretcher bearers took our wounded back to the field hospital at Dinkiebusch. The men of the Twenty-sixth battalion spent the rest of the night instructing us and then left us to hold the position. We were as nervous as a lot of cats, and it seemed to me that the Germans must certainly know that they could come over and walk right through us, but outside of a few casualties from sniping, such as the one that befell the Fourteenth platoon man, which I

have told about, nothing very alarming happened the first day and night, and by that time we had got steady on our job. We held the position for twenty-six days, which is the longest period that any Canadian or British organization has ever remained in a front line trench.

In none of the stories I've read have I ever seen trench fighting as it was carried on in Belgium adequately described. You see, you can't get much of an idea about a thing like that making a quick tour of the trenches under official direction and escort as the newspaper and magazine writers do. I couldn't undertake to tell anything worth while about the big issues of the war, but I can describe how soldiers have to learn to fight in the trenches, and I think a good many of our young fellows have that to learn now. "Over there" they don't talk of peace or even of tomorrow. They sit back and take it.

We always held the fire trench as lightly as possible, because it is a demonstrated fact that the front ditch cannot be successfully defended in a determined attack. The thing we did and the thing to do is to be ready to jump on to the enemy as soon as he has got into your front trench and is fighting on ground that you know and he doesn't and knock so many kinds of tar out of him that he'll have to pull his load for a spot that isn't so warm. That system worked first rate with us.

During the day we had only a very few men in the fire trench. If an attack is coming in daylight there's always plenty of time to get ready for it. At night we kept prepared for trouble all the time. We had a night sentry on each firing step and a man sitting at his feet to watch him to see he wasn't secretly sniped. Then we had a sentry in each "bay" of the trench to take messages.

Orders didn't permit the man on the firing step or the man watching him to leave post on any excuse whatever.



That System Worked First Rate With Us.

during their two hour "spell" of duty. Hanging on a string, at the elbow of each sentry on the fire step was a

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C. R. ADAMS

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Two Second-Hand Fords in Good Condition for Sale. Also a Chevrolet 1917 model

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## A Bird in the Hand---

You perhaps are perfectly familiar with the remainder of the old adage. This was thoroughly applicable to birds; but when you come to talk of dollars and cents there is another side to the story.

Take the history of all our large business organizations and you will find that their success is founded on the suspicion that there were "birds in the bush." Some people call it "insight," some "good business"—but the principle involved shows that there was considerable legitimate speculation.

### FARMERS

Take this lesson and apply it to your own business organization in Lomond. Many a "bird" has already been delivered from the "bush" to you even at this short date. Always keep in mind the "bush" and what may be hidden therein. Your co-operative business depends upon your co-operation for success, and success can only be measured by the extent of your support.

ASSOCIATED FARMERS, Limited.

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R. DAWSON, District Passenger Agent, Calgary, Alta.

stood to salute him. He returned the salute with a grave smile and passed on. He was quite alone, and I was told afterward that he made these trips through the trenches just to show the men that he did not consider himself better than any other soldier. The heir of England was certainly taking nearly the same chance of losing his inheritance that we were.

After we had been on the front line fifteen days we received orders to make a bombing raid. Sixty volunteers were asked for, and the whole



When the Little Prince Came Back I Stood to Salute Him.

battalion offered. I was lucky—or unlucky—enough to be among the sixty who were chosen. I want to tell you in detail about this bombing raid, so that you can understand what a thing may really amount to that gets only three lines or perhaps nothing at all in the official dispatches, and, besides that, it may help some of the young men who read this to know something a little later about bombing.

The sixty of us chosen to execute the raid were taken twenty miles to the rear for a week's instruction practice. Having only a slight idea of what we were going to try to do, we felt very jolly about the whole enterprise starting off. We were camped in an old barn, with several special instruction officers in charge. We had oral instruction the first day, while suppers dug and built an exact duplicate of the section of the German trenches which we were to raid—that is, it was exact except for a few details. Certain "skeleton trenches" in the practice section were dug simply to fool the German aviators. If a photograph taken back to German headquarters had shown an exact duplicate of a German trench section suspicion might have been aroused and our plans revealed. We were constantly warned about the skeleton trenches and told to remember that they did not exist in the German section where we were to operate. Meanwhile our practice section was changed a little several times, because aerial photographs showed that the Germans had been renovating and making some additions to the trenches in which we were to have our frolic with them.

We had oral instruction, mostly during the day, because we didn't dare let the German aviators see us practicing a bomb raid. All night long, sometimes until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, we rehearsed that raid, just as carefully as a company of star actors would rehearse a play. At first there was a disposition to have sport out of it.

"Well," some chap would say, rolling into the hay all tired out, "I got killed six times tonight. S'pose it'll be eight times tomorrow night."

One man insisted that he had discovered in one of our aerial photographs a German burying money, and he carefully examined each new picture, so that he could be sure of finding the dough and digging it up. The grave

shallow graves of the dead. Most of the soldiers' legs are scarred to the knees with bites.

The one thing of which we constantly lived in fear was a gas attack. I used to wake in the middle of the night in a cold sweat dreaming that I heard the clatter and whistle blowing all along the line which meant that the gas was coming. And finally I really did hear the terrifying sound, just at a moment when it couldn't have sounded worse. I was in charge of the daily ration detail, sent back about ten miles to the point of nearest approach of the transport lorries to carry in rations, ammunition and sand bags to the front trenches. We had a lot of trouble returning with our loads. Passing a point which was called Shrapnel Corner, because the Germans had precise range of it, we were caught in machine gun fire and had to lie on our stomachs for twenty minutes, during which we lost one man, wounded. I sent him back and went on with my party, only to run into another machine gun shower a half mile farther on. While we were lying down to escape this a concealed British battery of five inch guns, about which we knew nothing, opened up right over our heads. It shook us up and scared us so that some of our party were now worse off than the man who had been hit and carried to the rear. We finally got together and went on. When we were about a mile behind the reserve trench, stumbling in the dark through the last aid most dangerous path overland, we heard a lone siren whistle, followed by a wave of metallic hammering and wild tooting which seemed to spread over all of Belgium a mile ahead of us. All any of us could say was:

"Gas!"

All you could see in the dark was a collection of white and frightened faces. Every trembling finger seemed awkward as a thumb as we got out our gas masks and helmets and put them on, following directions as nearly as we could. I ordered the men to sit still and sent two forward to notify me from headquarters when the gas alarm was over. They lost their way and were not found for two days. We sat there for an hour, and then I ventured to take my mask off. As nothing happened, I ordered the men to do the same. When we got into the trenches with our packs we found that the gas alarm had been one of Fritz's jokes. The first sirens had been sounded in the German lines, and there hadn't been any gas.

Our men evened things up with the Germans, however, the next night. Some of our scouts crawled clear up to the German barbed wire, ten yards in front of the enemy fire trench, tied empty jam tins to the barricade and then, after attaching small telephone wires to the barbed strands, crawled back to our trenches. When they started pulling the telephone wires the empty tins made a clatter right under Fritz's nose. Immediately the Germans opened up with all their machine gun and rifle fire, began bombing the spot from which the noise came and sent up "S O S" signals for artillery fire along a mile of their line. They fired a \$10,000 salute and lost a night's sleep over the noise made by the discarded containers of 5 shillings' worth of jam. It was a good tonic for the Tommies.

#### The Prince of Wales.

A few days after this a very young officer passed me in a trench while I was sitting on a fire step writing a letter. I noticed that he had the red tabs of a staff officer on his uniform, but I paid no more attention to him than that. No compliments, such as salutes to officers, are paid in the trenches. After he had passed one of the men asked me if I didn't know who he was. I said I didn't.

"Why, you d— fool," he said, "that's the Prince of Wales!"

When the little prince came back /

## ANNOUNCEMENT To Auto Owners

Mr. Homer King, recently of Bow Island, is taking charge of the repair department in the Central Garage. Mr. King is an experienced mechanic of high repute and will bring to the Central garage all that is desired in mechanical ability. It will be an aim to give a first-class service first to the Chevrolet and Dodge cars, but all work will be given thorough consideration. The accessory shelves will be found well supplied with a

Complete Line of Repairs, Tires,  
Accessories, Etc.

## Battery-Charging Plant.

Mr. King is also schooled in electrical mechanics and will be able to handle all battery troubles right in Lomond. He is capable of reconstructing your battery from the ground up. We are installing a battery-charging plant as an extra service to our patrons. Our idea is to have a garage that will give the public a complete service.

**J. A. BOWERS**  
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Plenty of Coal Ready - Plenty of Miners  
No Delay in Loading Teams.  
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and serious manner of our officers; however, the exhaustive care with which we were drilled and, more than all, the approach of the time when we were to "go over the top" drove all sport out of our minds, and I can say for myself that the very thought of the undertaking as the fatal night drew near sent shivers up and down my spine.

A bombing raid, something originated in warfare by the Canadians, is not intended for the purpose of holding ground, but to gain information, to do as much damage as possible and to keep the enemy in a state of nervousness. In this particular raid the chief object was to gain information. Our high command wanted to know what troops were opposite us and what troops had been there. We were expected to get this information from prisoners and from buttons and papers off of the Germans we might kill. It was believed that troops were being



We Rehearsed That Raid as Carefully as a Company of Star Actors.

relied on from the big tent show up at the same and sent to our side show in Belgium for rest. Also it was suspected that artillery was being withdrawn for the Somme. Especially we were anxious to bring back prisoners.

In civilized war a prisoner can be compelled to tell only his name, rank and religion. But this is not a civilized war, and there are ways of making prisoners talk. One of the most effective ways—quite humane—is to tie a prisoner fast, head and foot, and then tickle his bare feet with a feather. More severe measures have frequently been used—the water cure, for instance—but I'm bound to say that nearly all the German prisoners I saw were quite loquacious and willing to talk, and the accuracy of their information, when later confirmed by raids, was surprising. The iron discipline which turns them into mere children in the presence of their officers seemed to make them subservient and obedient to the officers who commanded us. I mean, of course, the privates. In this way the system worked against the fatherland. Captured German officers, especially Prussians, were a nasty lot. We never tried to get information from them, for we knew they would lie, happily and very intelligently—well instructed in the art.

At last came the night when we were to go "over the top," across No Man's Land, and have a frolic with Fritz in his own happy home. I am endeavoring to be as accurate and truthful as possible in these stories of my soldiering, and I am therefore compelled to say that there wasn't a man in the sixty who didn't show the strain in his pallor and nervousness. Under orders, we discarded our trench helmets and substituted knitted skullcaps or empty mess tins. Then we blackened our hands and faces with ashes from a camp fire so as to avoid being seen as long as possible. After this they loaded us into motor trucks and took us up to "Signal Corner," from which point we went in on foot. Just before we left a staff captain came along and gave us a little talk.

"This is the first time you men have been tested," he said. "You're Canadians. I needn't say anything more to you. They're going to be popping them off at a great rate while you're on your way across. Remember that you'd better not stand up straight, because our shells will be going over just six and a half feet from the ground where it's level. If you stand up straight you're likely to be hit in the head, but don't let that worry you, because if you do get hit in the head you won't know it. So why in h— worry about it?" That was his farewell. He jumped on his horse and rode off.

#### The Bomb Raid.

The point we were to attack had been selected long before by our scouts. It was not, as you might suppose, the weakest point in the German line. It was, on the contrary, the strongest. It was considered that the moral effect of cleaning up a weak point would be comparatively small, whereas to break in at the strongest point would be something really worth while. And if we were to take a chance it really wouldn't pay to hesitate about degrees. The section we were to raid had a frontage of 150 yards and a depth of 200 yards. It had been explained to us that we were to be supported by a "box barrage," or curtain fire, from our artillery to last exactly twenty-six minutes—that is, for twenty-six minutes from the time when we started "over the top" our artillery, several miles back, would drop a "curtain" of shells all around the edges of that 150 yard by 200 yard section. We were to have fifteen minutes in which to do our work. Any man not out at the end of the fifteen minutes would necessarily be caught in our own fire, as our artillery would then change from a "box" to pour a straight curtain fire covering all of the spot of our operations.

Our officers set their watches very carefully with those of the artillery officers before we went forward to the front trenches. We reached the front at 11 p. m., and not until our arrival there were we informed of the "zero hour"—the time when the attack was to be made. The hour of 12:10 had been selected. The waiting from 11 o'clock until that time was simply an agony. Some of our men sat stupid and inert. Others kept talking constantly about the most inconsequential matters. One man undertook to tell a funny story. No one listened to it, and the laugh at the end was enervated and ghostly. The inaction was driving us all into a state of funk. I could actually feel my nerve oozing out at my finger tips, and if we had had to wait fifteen minutes longer I wouldn't have been able to climb out of the trench.

About half an hour before we were to go over every man had his eye up the trench, for we knew "the rummies" were coming that way. The rum gang serves out a stiff shot of Jamaica just before an attack, and it would be a real test of temperance to see a man refuse. There were no prohibitionists in our set. Whether or not we got our full ration depended on whether the sergeant in charge was drunk or sober. After the shot began to work one man next me pounded my leg and hollered in my ear:

"I say, why all this red tape? Let's go over now."

That noggin of rum is a life saver.

When the hour approached for us to start, the artillery fire was so heavy that orders had to be shouted into ears from man to man. The bombardment was, of course, along a couple of miles of front so that the Germans would not know where to expect us. At 12 o'clock exactly they began pulling down a section of the parapet so that we wouldn't have to climb over it and we were off.

Some millionaires could easily conduct experiments and tell us whether or not there is any money in the chicken business.

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Travel by "The World's Greatest Highway." Tickets and full information from any C. P. R. Agent.

#### ALMOST ROASTED ALIVE.

#### Frenchman Tells of Tortures in German Prisons.

Georges Andres, the celebrated French athlete, who was taken prisoner shortly after the outbreak of war, has escaped from Germany. He contributes to the Paris Journal an account of his captivity.

"During nearly three years," he said, "I was taken from one prisoners' camp to another. All the camps are alike, consisting of hutments, with tarred roofs, erected on sandy soil. Each camp is divided into sections by barbed wire. They are so depressing that long detention produces a peculiar mental disorder termed 'barbed wire psychosis.'

"These vast camps can accommodate 10,000 men, but not infrequently 60,000 are crowded into them. Work is compulsory, except for non-coms, who are, however, harried till they prefer work to camp routine.

"Food is very scarce, and the prisoners would perish of hunger if they did not receive biscuits from the French Government and parcels from their families or from prisoners' relief committees. From the Huns the prisoners receive only boiled herbs, with a scrap of margarine and occasionally a little barley, with a small ration of uneatable black pudding.

"I was astonished," continued Andre, "to hear everybody complain of the present bread when I reached France. It is cake compared with KK bread.

"When a prisoner arrives in a camp, he is immediately assigned to any work required, irrespective of personal attainments, and may be employed in mines, farms or factories. The kommandos, or work

men's quarters, are worse than the camps.

"The harshest methods are employed to make the men work, the least harsh being deprivation of food. In some factories prisoners unwilling to work for the Huns are placed in hot rooms until they submit. Blows with the flat side of sabres or bayonets are too frequent to merit attention.

"I have seen the burns of a man compelled to remain at attention between two glowing masses of metal. The least movement brought him into contact with the burning iron. He heroically refused to work against France, and finally fell inanimate.

"Naturally the prisoners' health suffers. Tuberculosis is making ravages. There is little or no medicine. High temperature alone is regarded as proof of illness. The Huns require workers, not invalids. Nevertheless, the spirit of the prisoners remains excellent, though none of them expect the war to end within another eighteen months, and even then only on condition that France remains united and accepts restrictions as the enemy does.

"The prisoner's worst fate is to be sent to reprisal camps in Poland or on the fighting line. There he is exposed to death from starvation or shells. I know something about this from personal experience."—London Chronicle.

#### Books in England.

According to the last available figures in Great Britain, 843 new works of fiction were published in a year, against 309 naval and military books. This shows that, even in war time, the reading public requires a change from grim realities to the realms of romance.

#### Remarkable Luck.

In Gold Hill, Nev., in 1877, one of the mining bosses—Tole by name—had trouble with some of the laborers in his mine. One night three of them attacked him in a barroom. Two of them pinned him down, while a third stood over him with a revolver. The muzzle almost touched his stomach. Once, twice, thrice, a fourth and a fifth time the weapon snapped. Tole closed his eyes. Each moment he expected to be his last. The disgusted ruffian threw his disappointing weapon on the floor with an oath and, joined by his aids, left the place. Tole wiped the cold sweat from his brow, mechanically picked up the discarded weapon, went to the door and fired off every charge, remarking that it was just his luck.

#### Asmodeus.

Asmodeus is an evil genius or demon. In the apocryphal book of Tobit he is represented as slaying the seven husbands of Sarah. In the Talmud he is described as the prince of demons and is said to have driven Solomon from his kingdom.

#### Delicately Put.

"I do hope you appreciate that in marrying my daughter you marry a large hearted girl."

"I do, sir. And I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."

#### Handy Literature.

Saunderson found it very hard work selling books. The volumes he had to offer, one of which he had to carry with him as a sample, were very heavy, and nobody seemed to want them. But he was a persistent man, and even the stubborn Mrs. Bowling could not send him away unheard. "We have all the books we can use," she said, "and we really can't afford any more reading matter. Why, I haven't even opened the second volume of that Roman history you sold us last spring. Now, if you were selling one of those adjustable ironing boards"—"I've got just the thing!" said Saunderson cheerfully. "There are twelve books in this set, and you can use either one or two or three, and so on up to six, to tilt your board any way you want to. And between whiles when your iron is heating you have good literature to refresh your mind."

#### A Bonehead.

There are many things dropped in the subway ticket chopper by absent-minded riders besides the little piece of pasteboard which entitles them to a ride. An eccentric looking young man and his particularly eccentric looking wife hurried up to the door of a Broadway theater last night. The man reached into his pocket, handed the doorman some tickets and, assisting his wife before him, turned to receive the stubs. "These are subway tickets," said the doorman. At the rate of two pockets per second the young man searched himself. Then he clapped his hand on his forehead. "Good heavens, Annie," he gasped, "I put the seats in the subway!" And what Annie said about boneheads was only heard by herself.—New York Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

#### TEACHER WANTED

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I wish to rent a half section of land, more or less, ready for crop. To take possession about April 1st. Address, 27-4. D. C. MCALLISTER, Lomond.

#### For Sale.

Registered Berkshire Boar, eighteen months old, with papers, for sale, reasonable. E. G. HALEY,  
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#### Strayed Colt.

Strayed from the premises of the undersigned, three miles north of Lomond, on December 4th, a bay sucking colt, with white hind feet, white under lip and white star on forehead. Suitable reward will be given for information leading to its recovery.  
25-4 R. F. BELL, Lomond.

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